

This Belongs to George
THE
MODERN
FINE LADY.

OR,
A Counterpart to a Poem lately published, called,
THE
MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

Beauties in vain their pretty Eyes may roll,
Charms strike the Sight, but Merit wins the Soul.

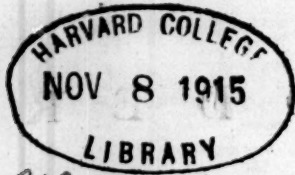
POPE



This Belongs to George F B
LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, in Pater-noster Row, 1746.
[Price Six Pence.]

17415.36 F
17454.29.41 F



Welsh fund

THE MODERN
FINE LADY.

AT Hackney, or at Chelsea bred,
To dance, lisp French, and toss the Head,
To romp, coquet, Untruths to tell,
And scribble, tho' she cannot spell,
The Fair, (for that's their gen'ral Name,
Burns with the Thirst of publick Fame;
With Love of Empire fondly glows,
And aims at captivating Beaus,
On Beauty builds her sole Pretence,
For Beaus are seldom Men of sense.
For this survey her in the Morning,
With Care and Cost herself adorning,
Learn in the Glafs how to behave her,
And spoil the Face that Nature gave her:

Improve in patching, practise Aires
 And in the Hurry miss her Prayers;
 Then stult in Chariot roll away,
 To hear the Whisper of the Day,
 Spread Scandal, or a Lie proclaim,
 To blast and wound another's Fame;
 Or else perhaps the City haunt,
 And cheapen what she does not want:
 Refuse to pay her Mercer's Bill,
 To save her Honour at Quadrille.

On Fancy, stretch the fruitful Scene,
 And view the Lady in the Spleen,
 The Lap-dog sick, or Betty lazy,
 Or Tea-Cup broke, or Weather hazy,
 No Billet from the Count to Day,
 Nor Affignation at the Play;
 O Time! what Method shall we use,
 To kill thee, and ourselves amuse?
 To compass this, our modern Dame,
 Will hazard Fortune, Ease, and Fame,
 Will stake her Cash, deny Repose,
 And dare the Malice of her Foes,

Who

Who fond of Scandal are prepar'd,
To double ev'ry Word they've heard,

Thus smit with ev'ry Vice in Fashion,
And careless of her Reputation,
Despis'd by Men of Sense who hate
Alliance with her Self-Conceit;
Enamour'd with the Thirst of Rule,
She weds a fashionable Fool;
Secur'd by Jointure from the Cares,
That wait on family Affairs,
Nor Home, nor Husband, she regards,
But flights 'em both, and sticks to Cards:
As Fortune smiles, or frowns upon her,
She's rich, or forc'd to pawn her Honour,
Ne'er quiet if she is a Gainer,
Till some more knowing Sharper drain her.

O Woman! born to sooth Mankind,
And ease the Anguish of our Mind,
By Heav'n design'd the Balm of Life,
Who mixt all Comforts in a Wife,

How

How by thy Folly art thou made
Slave to the Devil, and a Spade!

But Years quick-rolling hold their Pace,
And spoil the Beauties of her Face;
Her Beauty flown, what Charm can hide
Her Scorn, her Malice, and her Pride?
'Tis Storm, and Tempest, nought can charm her,
Tho' ev'ry Trifle can alarm her;
Her Spouse who hitherto had been,
Slave to her Shape, and Eyes, and Skin,
And with the Glare of Beauty smit,
Had thought that all she said was Wit:
The Fair unmask'd, he chang'd his Song,
And swore that ev'ry Word was wrong:
Hence distant Carriage, sep'rate Coaches,
Cold Complaisance, and warm Reproaches,
Ill-nature, Fretfulness, Debate
And Silence testify their Hate,
While Jealousy improves the Smart,
And aids the Quarrel, till they Part.
State most accurs'd! where our Relief,
Springs from the Subject of our Grief,

Where

Where Hate and Interest are combin'd,
To break the Union of the Mind.

Now left at large, and void of Shame,
She fearless owns her guilty Flame,
To some young Spendthrift falls a Prey,
Who flatters less for Love, than Pay:
Proud of her Conquest, she repairs,
With Art, the Ruins of her Years,
Intent on Mischief, helps the Want
Of Beauty, with the Use of Paint,
Till old, neglected, and forlorn,
She finds herself the general Scorn:
Too full of Pride and Spleen for thinking,
As her last Comfort, takes to drinking,
Thus lulls the Vapours as they rise,
And keeps her stupid till she dies.

Unwilling thus the Muse has sung
The Follies of the Fair, and Young ;
There still remains a noble Theme,
On which to build immortal Fame :

Still

Still Britain boasts a lovely Throng,
 To grace the Land, and Poet's Song,
 Who 'midst the Conquests of their Eyes,
 Attract the Virtuous, and the Wise ;
 Charm'd by their Conduct and their Wit,
 The World applauds, the Brave submit.

F I N I S.

